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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET TO

Oh! how I pray'd that I too had lov'd!  
The fall disorder, then to be congeal'd,  
With her I lov'd, to the cold tomb forever.  
But I was well, too well, alas, for death,  
And much too sick, to have a wish for life.  
I am a lone one, on this peopled earth,  
A reckless being, with a broken heart;  
If the gay sun shines, his beams ne'er cheer me,  
If the storm roars, its peltings are unheeded.  
The flowers that adorn my garden  
Unnoticed bloom; the weeds that mingle  
Poison with their odours, are as sweet to me.  
Why should I live? to breathe is not to live,  
To drain the cup that is presented to you,  
Or taste the food, daily before you plac'd,  
Ne'er constituted life, as life should be.  
To live, you must be useful; to be useful  
You must possess affection, friends, and hopes  
To move you on to that usefulness;  
None of these have I; around me all is dark,  
And when at last I feel the chill of Death,  
Steal o'er me, I shall hail the happy hour  
That will restore me to those precious joys  
Which by their presence render'd life a joy  
And Death, by sweet re-union, a blessing. SELIM.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I have seen an end of all perfection.

I have seen a man in the glory of his days and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger—he felt no sickness. His mind was vigorous like his body; he was perplexed at no intricacy, he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

But when I look'd on him no more lofty nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruin'd tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eyes gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as enemies; and he thought himself strong and beautiful while he lay tottering on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—he is my brother; of his daughter—I know her not; and enquired what his own name. And one who supported his steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene—"Let time heart receive instruction, for thou has seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; when she floated in the dance, her light form like the aspen seemed to move with every breeze. I returned—but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eyes sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more—I saw a train of noble and dowered, who bore sadly to an open grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence—"Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust to its original dust. To the earth whence she was first taken, consign the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil, and the solid clods of the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave, and as he wept he said, "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness that continueth in man; for this is the end of all glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept, but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge—it bowed its ear to instruction—it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn, and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Saviour said, "except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smiles. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honour of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this; so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along I heard the complaints of the labourers who had reaped down the fields, and the cries of the poor whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the gilded beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the depressed were continually entering into the ears of the most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved—the beautiful infant I had gazed upon with delight—I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection," and I laid my mouth in the dust.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FREDERICK LORENZA.

FREDERICK LORENZA was a young man of liberal education and romantic disposition—his fortune was small, but like many before him, he aspired to a lady of great wealth and beauty. To say that her fortune was the magnet would be unjust, for he was really in love—he had never seen her at her father's house, but had frequently met with her in company, and at church; but Miss Rosaline Tracy (his beloved) thought not of him, she had heard his name, seen him, but scarcely remembered his features—she was of a gay and volatile disposition, and her heart was not a gay conquest. Her father pined of his wealth, assumed

some consequence in the neighborhood—he had purchased a handsome situation in the country, and dignified it with the title of Oak Land. His daughter was restricted to a very select circle, and Lorenza's fortune was too limited to allow him to mingle much in fashionable life, so that he was not one of the favoured few, but chance sometimes brings astonishing things to pass. One very fine morning in Autumn Lorenza had passed in walking, with no other companion than his dog, (people in love are fond of walking.) No prospect delighted him so much as the wild scenery of Oak Land, and he was so much in the habit of going in that direction, that when his business would not admit of being left, his dog would go the same road without him—but that walk was big with fate—his dog left him for a moment, returning whining, and made a great many dumb signs for his master to follow—at last, Lorenza went—the dog led him to a ditch, but what was his surprise, when he found a man nearly suffocated in it? With much difficulty he got him out, and found it was Mr. Tracy, poor man! He had fallen from his high estate! he lost his footing in attempting to cross, and the ditch received him in its soft misery bottom, and spread its muddy waters around him—what sweet variety in Oak Land! but no language can paint the rapture of Lorenza—he had saved the life of the father of Rosaline—what prospects were opening before him! Rosaline would respect his services with gratitude, perhaps with love—Such thoughts occupied his mind as he assisted Mr. Tracy home. Rosaline received them at the door very much surprised at seeing her father in such a situation, but when she learnt he was not injured, her countenance resumed its accustomed cheerfulness—Mr. Tracy retired with a servant to change his dress, and Miss Tracy conducted Lorenza to the parlour—One of the first wishes of his heart was gratified—he was alone with the lady he adored, but even then he felt his situation rather awkward. The language of his heart would have been to have told her of his admiration, but that politeness forbade—a more reflecting mind than Rosaline's would have discovered, by his half altered sentences, and confused answers, and the frequent changes of his countenance, that it proceeded from another cause than politeness—but Rosaline spent not a thought about it. Mr. Tracy gave Lorenza an invitation to call again, an invitation that was not unheeded. Next morning Lorenza was the earliest visitor at Oak Land—was it to enquire after Tracy's health? I think not—was it a selfish feeling—it was to hear the music of Rosaline's voice—to intimate himself, if possible, in her favour. He was received with friendship, and often repeated his visits—still he was tortured with uncertainty—Rosaline might view him with indifference, he was sensible she must be ignorant of his feelings, without a declaration on his part—still he found his bashfulness a great impediment—at last he presumed so far as to send her a letter—Oh! what moments of suspense! what torture! till he should know her sentiments of him! He thought her the most beautiful and accomplished being on earth, and murmured at the fate that confined him to one form; were he a bird or a fly, he might be with her in her moments of retirement, when the mind is under restraint, hear the song she sang for herself alone; admire the works of her pen, and most of all, at that truly critical period of her life, mark her countenance as she read his letter, and know how much the mortification of a personal or written refusal. With such thoughts as these he retired to rest. As dreams are a continuation of thoughts through the day, it is not to be wondered at if they are often very singular. The hopes and regrets of Lorenza were soon buried in sleep—he dreamed that he had placed away, and died broken-hearted, and was immediately transformed into an oyster. He was surrounded by thousands of his companions, and had scarcely become familiar with his new situation, when he was gossiped up by an oysterman, carried to market and sold—and who should be the purchaser but Mr. Tracy. As the power of reflection, and the acute sensibility of pain was still left him, his situation was deplorable. Mr. Tracy had purchased a large quantity of oysters, and invited his friends to a supper. No language can describe the horror of his feelings while the supper was preparing—some of his companions were laid on hot coals, some were stewed, some fried, and others reserved to be eaten raw.

The beautiful Rosaline and every thing (save his suffering) was forgotten—it was his fate to be brought alive to the table, there sat his beloved Rosaline, the queen of beauty, but her claims had lost their power—in his human state he thought she had the most beautiful mouth and teeth in the world, now nothing inspired him with such horror. But judge of his feeling when he heard her prefer raw oysters, and several of his companions were instantly opened and put on her plate. He thought of the wild cannibals of North America, there was no hope to cling to, and with trembling horror he awaited his fate. Had speech been allowed him, he would have said, Oh! Rosaline, cruel Rosaline! wilt thou not spare me? It was his fate to suffer next the cruel strokes that severed him from his shell—it did not deprive him of life. He was sensible of pain as he lay upon his plate; but when she raised him upon the fork to her mouth, and crushed him alive between her lips, heaven! what a moment! It was so horrible he awoke—and it was some time before he could persuade himself he was still a human being. It was but a dream—still it left a deep impression on his mind. In the morning he received a letter, he opened it and the signature was Rosaline. She merely mentioned "she had received his letter, and as she could not judge for herself in a matter of so much importance, had delivered the letter to her father, and to his judgment she referred him." Poor Lorenza! his mind was agitated with his dream, he was unable to bear the contents of the letter, which he looked upon as the annihilation of all his hopes. He felt himself the most miserable being in existence—but he had gone too far to recede, and with all the modifications of a proud spirit oppressed with mortification, he waited upon her father to hear his doom. Mr. Tracy from his first acquaintance with Lorenza, had conceived a great partiality for him. He looked upon him as one of the few young men deserving of a better fortune, and contrary to the most flattering hopes of Lorenza, received him in a flattering manner. Rosaline received him with smiles—so that almost instantaneously he was raised from the depths of misery to the most exalted pinnacle of human happiness; and in a few moments the beautiful Rosaline joined her fate with his. His felicity was so great as could fall to the lot of humanity, and when a recollection of his dreams crossed his mind, he felt an instinctive terror of horror, and could never bear the sight of an oyster afterwards.

It is a fact not generally known, that Col. Brown of the American Loyalists, and his lady, the originals from whom Smollett drew the characters of Lord Leskynghay and Miss Tidbit in *Brucastle*, are still in the land of the living. They were in Plymouth recently, and are now residing in the vicinity of London. The colonel is in the 95th, and the lady in her 23d year. *English Journal*.

THE VACATION.

It was a soft beautiful morning in June. Common sense was just out. The students were collected in groups under the trees, or lounging lazily to their rooms. There was a crazy imitation of the "levi sunburst" in the scrape of slippers on the gravel, and the clatter of plates from the hall; the seagull smoke had an indolent curl, and every thing tended irresistibly to awake tender recollections of sleep. It was one of those rare points upon which seniors and freshmen have a common opinion. The auditory aspect alike upon the beautiful nonchalance of the former, and the diagram angularity of the latter. "Will you take a stroll, George?" I was standing on the hall steps yawning fearfully, when a tremendous clap on the shoulder to which this speech was the motto, brought me from the slumber.

I was a patch of any number of tails, I would make that offend a matter of hours. I turned upon the aggressor like a stung jaguar, "and what if I will? Who in the name of sugar, would ask such a trivial question upon your pledge-hammer emphasis?" I loved Peyton Grey, and when he thrust his arm into mine, I interrupted my "Di Immortale!" and forgave him. A moment before I was twirling my supple fingers round my fore finger, and sighing that "rascals count!" were the only "quid pro quo" with an hostler. But a vacuum in your good philosophy. I gave up the saddle, and adjusted my coat for a stroll.

Every body has seen New Haven; and the same indefinite person knows that in the "garment of June," it is like a scholar's dream of Arcadia. Its beautiful square, fine churches, and noble elms; its white houses with their Venetian blinds and tasteful gardens, and its streets literally embowered in green leaves, draw admiration even from a stranger. But to the student who has lived in its quiet retirement till he has cast his mental slough, and come out a rational being, it is a place of week day interest. If he is in any thing but a stump, the dawn of a classic taste, and the development of a springing intellect have endeared it to his associations—and if he be made of the "finer clay," he has laid up in his heart the map of his holiday wanderings, till the green slopes, and majestic rocks of its amphitheatre, its near and quiet lake among the hills, and its crescent bay, are remembered like birth places—for his young imaginations were born among them. More than all, if he has cherished his social feelings, he has been educated in the bosom of a people (excuse me, reader, will I commit one sin of omission, I am a people whose frank and generous hospitality is no where exceeded. I am glad of this opportunity to pay it a passing tribute. It is a debt of gratitude for much kindness, and while I remember their polished and delicate refinement as a people, I cannot forget them in the exercise of their generous and unmingled hospitality.

I am not writing a journal, and of course, I am not obliged to tell you how we lounged along the shaded path of Elm street, and how we talked about ourselves, and how we digressed sometimes to a pretty foot or a professor; and how we remembered the windows of our pretty acquaintance; nor, lastly, how we came to speak of travelling and the Springs. We did speak of these, however, and walked on for the space of a few minutes in a mathematical abstraction.

"George," said Peyton, laying his finger on his breast with infinite gravity, "I'm not exactly sure about ourselves, but I took instantly. The weather had been warm, and I was some what enervated; my appetite was gone, and the best light my medical knowledge threw upon it, my case would be hopeless for a tonic. It is easy to come to the conclusion. Saratoga was indispensable."

Here again, let me remind the reader, I am not writing a journal. It is difficult to make this light detail run into pretty sentences, like the Spectator, and I shall proceed in my own way to avoid that which we procure permission without much difficulty, anticipated our class, were quarterly remittances—bored all the dricks, cravies, and unmentionables, that were laid away for Sundays—packed up gloves, cologne, and hair brushes, and with a catalogue of the class dandies, marched on the corner of our wardrobe, made a triumphant adieu to a hundred disconsolate sophisters.

It was a delicious summer evening when we started from the pier. The sun had just set, and we stood on the deck as the boat shot out of the bay, watching the gorgeous colours of the west. Heavy tumbled clouds were piled up along the horizon; the skirts of the light clouds far up in the sky, were tinged with purple; the smooth crests spreading away from the prow, were stained like glass, and the whole scene was repeated to the minutest pencilling, in the broad mirror of the bay. An hour after, the moon cast her shadows on the water, and every thing but the azure ground of the stars was silvered by her beautiful alchemy. "Ed-like, spiral lines" of light were playing the edges of the waves, and the sparkling path thrown to us from beneath the moon, like a carpet for fairy feet was studied like the white belt of the firmament. The bass leaped up from the surface, the phosphore floated like sprinklings in the wake, and the tipped waves stole by like fishes of silver. Had I fallen upon a fairy reeve! or is the eye unsealed, and the hidden leaf unfolded by joy?

We waited a day or two in New York, to put our heads in training and catch the air of the Cornithians. The prevailing chapter of neck-aching about ourselves, and how we digressed sometimes to a pretty foot or a professor; and how we remembered the windows of our pretty acquaintance; nor, lastly, how we came to speak of travelling and the Springs. We did speak of these, however, and walked on for the space of a few minutes in a mathematical abstraction.

into a stanza, as majestic, if not as "large as life." And now, if the reader please, we will step from mountains to men, from Catskill to Congress Hall.

Every one is at home at the Springs. People go there for amusement, and either as actors or observers they find it. There is no unnecessary etiquette, for acquaintances made there are considered *par parenthese*, and may be cut, or connoiced elsewhere. It is a kind of limited *Saturnalia*, and he who goes there to study human nature, finds the best contrast, and the finest grouping in the world. The "blood of the Howards," and the *noveau riche*, meet at the same table. The consumptive precher, and the rone of the first magnitude, lounge on the platform at the spring. The city belle and the dark-eyed Jewess float together in the dances. Young men fish in company on the lake, who have no recollection of it in the city. And young ladies walk arm in arm under the portico, who "could not be positive," if they met in Congress Hall.

Flirtation is pursued, like card playing, for amusement. Here and there, indeed, you find a desperate gamester, but with the majority it is mere pastime. Tender moments, to be sure, there are; and the uninitiated would translate the night run pathos; but who that has "seen the world," remembers a *tete-a-tete* in the drawing room, or a drive to Ballston, or attentions at a "hop?"

The night after our arrival there was a ball at our hotel. It was a fine opportunity for a debut, and we prepared for it in high spirits. Our toilet was unusually particular. Grey was very handsome, and had a taste for dress. His figure was military, and his jaw-bone had the rate made between the spherical and angular which sets a collar superbly. I looked at him with despair, as he completed his Falkland in the glass. He had besides, a fine address, and was inimitably cool and self-possessed. As to my own appearance, I cannot arrange my features with sufficient gravity to get a portrait—but we expected to make an impression.

It was a splendid ball. The decorations were in taste, and the music I need not speak of—for who has not heard of Johnson? In speaking of beauty, I must be more exclusive. Not that I was fastidious; for I was a raw collegier, and perfectly bewildered. I could sweep them all up with a superlative. Still, in my own astronomy, I have some dim remembrance of a distinction. I remember, for instance, a northern star, which I followed till she set. She was as tall as the Venus of the Capitol; but her proportions were exquisite, and she wore them with the grace of a Hebe. Her features were irregular, and might not be beautiful in marble; but the expression—did you ever dream an angel came down to you, and told you about paradise and the peris, and do you remember the angel's face? There was another from the same quarter with flowing hair—as airy a spirituelle as I ever saw; and another, and another—I have no doubt they are the cause of the Borealis. But this is nothing to the purpose. I danced with a lady from some matter—I cannot be particular—but she had large dark eyes that did. It would be like a Magdalen painted at blind men's buff.

It is a pity there is not a musical star. I am sure I was born under one. She (I did not hear her name when I was introduced, but she looked as if it was Isabella), she had a tone I shall not attempt to describe. It was low and ready, like the death of a fine sweep on an Aeolian. I have heard doves who came near it, and if I understood music, I could tell you of a note in a second flute which makes me think of it; it was irresistible. I never could withstand a sweet tone from my childhood; and it had lived in the days of Orpheus. I am persuaded I should have walked into the wall. She said a few commonplace, and I answered like an amateur at a concert, with a nod or a monosyllable. It was a perfect spell. I am better at conversation than any thing else—but I had lost my talisman. You would have taken my speeches for the list of impersonal verbs in the grammar. She was engaged for the next cotillon, and a mere cipher of a faded hair in the middle of a sentence. I would have given the puppy my degree for a delay of two minutes.

I must not afterwards at the spring—eat opposite to her at table—met her accidentally at walks, and was very much surprised to be riding in the same direction on horseback. She was always polite, and received my apocryphal explanations with a smile that went through me like a comely de solid—only more moderately. Her bewitching voice too!—it gave the any nothing of courtesy, the power of a Machiavel—my heart was completely allowed up. I stand day after day, till I had far outlasted my permission. My funds were low, and Peyton's quite gone. He had been obliged to depart for a week or two, and was entirely out of patience. Still I could not make up my mind to go. One morning, however, she came down in a riding habit. I supposed she was a going upon an early ride, and gave orders for a horse immediately. A moment before I had the appetite of a New Zealander, but I hurried away to change my dress, and stood on the promenade equipped from stock to spur, as she came from her breakfast.

"Good morning! What do you ride so early?" "Yes—so early—and a long ride, too?" "And who goes with you?" "I suppose the next question will be, 'which way are you going?' So I'll save your catechism, and tell you at once—I go in a carriage, my companions are my father, mother, and servants, and my destination Niagara."

"Hem! quite to the point!"—and had you the Rubicon, and grow desperate.

"It is to the point, Madam! I have loved you from the first moment!" "Stop! stop!—be original, or I will!" I can read that in Mr. Charles Grandison.

"Miss Graham, will you speak seriously?" "Yes sir—seriously—we are slight acquaintances—and 'seriously' I know nothing of you—and 'seriously' you are not out of the teens—and 'seriously' we are at the Pavilion with you walk in!"

We met the ladies at the door. Miss Graham announced her departure, and after the mild expressions of surprise and disappointment, went for their hats, and insisted on returning to us. It was to me a small purgatory. The ladies rallied me on my abstraction, and Miss Graham rattled away unmercifully. She "had been too long"—"the springs were excellent"—"the house was all home"—"Halley's comet"—and she was "going home." I tried every variety of remark to her—but she was "in too good a humor to stop aside for a view"—"and she did not want the dust"—and she "always performed an arm to a gentleman's."

She left us at the door to go to her carriage. Her return the carriage was waiting. "Come, come," shouted a bow and a crushed hat. "Coming, sir—coming, madam"—and she jumped into the carriage.

"Will you give me one word, Miss Graham?" "Yes sir, two—good bye"—and she jumped into the carriage.

I think if I ever hang, I shall feel as if I were when that carriage drove off.

REV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEAD IN LAW.

"Yet all thy goods being forfeit to the state, Thou hast not left the value of a shroud!"

A singular defence to an action of debt was set up at the Court of Sessions in Glasgow a few days since. Mr. Brown, (the plaintiff) a "cessed victualer," claimed eight shillings from the defendant, (Mr. Pease) being the amount of a public house score on Mr. Pease's account, since the debt occurred, he had been deemed to be charged for robbery; a sentence which though not carried into effect, had balanced accounts between him and all the world at large. The commissioners held that the defence, though new in its character, was a good one; and Mr. Pease, who had a little national debt, in different places outstanding in chalk, was allowed to stand away obviously regarding the judge who had passed sentence upon him, as the very best friend he ever had in the world. Query: As a sentence to be changed discloses all contracts—whether in chalk or otherwise—into which a man has previously entered—would it be of power, I wonder, to dissolve his marriage, and divorce him from his wife? As it was the custom in former days, for persons to submit hostile polemics each other in this Magazine, I shall feel obliged to any "correspondent" who can give attention to my question. *London News*.

TO THE LADIES.

Our female readers—whether married or unmarried—and that respectable class of the other sex, denominated bachelors, and the more juvenile swains of the present day, may all find lessons of instruction, and consolation, in certain selected articles, to which we occasionally invite their attention.

Ladies, especially married ladies, ought to know that men are what elderly maidens are apt to denominate "strange creatures"—and here, by the way, we do not mean "strange" because they refuse to marry when they are bachelors;—but "strange" because they become dissipated and dissatisfied and indifferent after they are married. Now in order to prevent or remove this mental disposition every lady should be careful to exhibit only her most endearing properties. At times (and we must suppose it to be occasionally only that such an event could happen) she find herself out of temper, and should withdraw from the family circle, and in some secret retreat await the settling of the troubled waters.—Nothing among the common occurrences of domestic life, will sooner exasperate a husband, than a wife's ill temper. Next to ill temper comes what is termed an irritable and fretful temperament.—This is by some considered as the least infirmity of the two,—but we say, we to the man who has the latter to contend with, better can he endure the periodic blows of a woman's weapon, than the pitiless pinning of a continued storm. But we are exceeding our jurisdiction. We have no right to give advice or to say ought in matters pertaining to the ladies, further than to recommend as worthy of their attention, the "code of instruction."

COLUMBUS.

Columbus went to sea at the age of fourteen. After a variety of adventures serving to enlarge his knowledge more than to increase his fortune, he went to Lisbon. Here having married the daughter of Perestrello, a Portuguese navigator of much celebrity, his favourite passion of making discoveries was rendered more irresistible by reading the journals of his father-in-law, which had fallen into his hands.

Columbus was of opinion that by sailing directly to the west, new countries, which it was likely formed a part of the great continent of Asia, must be discovered. His opinion was strengthened by the discovery, after a long course of westerly wind, of pieces of carved wood, trees, and canoes, and dead bodies, the natives of another climate, driven on the shores of the Madeira Isles and the Azores.

That part of America which was first discovered by Columbus, was supposed, from a similarity of productions, to be a part of those vast regions of Asia, comprehended under the general name of Asia, which name was given to it by Ferdinand and Isabella. After the error was detected, the name of West Indies was continued.

RELIQS OF RICHARD III.

The Oak bedstead which Richard took with him, when he went to the famous battle of Bosworth, is now in possession of Mr. Habington, at Rotherley Temple. It is very ponderous, and without being suspected, it was filled with pieces of gold. One hundred and twenty years afterwards, a servant at the inn swamping under it, struck the bottom, and some gold coin fell out. She mentioned the circumstance to her mistress, and some thousand pieces were found in the bottom, hard, and hollow pillows.

The mistress, in consequence, became rich, and two of her servants murdered her in the night and carried off the gold. But they were pursued, and executed. The stone coffin in which Richard was buried, was taken up about a century ago, and converted into a horse-trough, at the White Horse Inn, and its broken relics were preserved by Mr. Phillips, a bookseller, at Leicester, till they were destroyed by accidental fire, in 1792.











